

43-

"And, now, behold your tender
nurse, the Air! And common
neighbour that aye runs around ;
How many pictures and
impressions fair, Within her
empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses, Dancing do
propound ?

For what are breath I speech!
echoes ! music! winds!
But Dancings of the Air, in sundry
kinds ? "

44«

" For when you Breathe, the air
in order moves ; Now in, now
out, in time and measure true !
A nd when you Speak, so well the
Dancing loves That doubling oft,
and oft redoubling new. With
thousand forms she doth herself
endue.

For all the words that from your lips
repair,
Are nought but tricks and turnings
of the Air!"

45-

" Hence is her prattling daughter,
ECHO, born !
That dances to all voices she can hear.
There is no sound so harsh that she doth
scorn ;
Nor any time, wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to
wear I

And yet her hearing sense is nothing
quick>
For after time she endelh every
tnck"

46.

" And thou⁹ sweet Music ! Dancing's
only life!
The Ear's sole happiness! the Air's best
speech !
Loadstone of fellowship ! Charming rod
of strife /
The soft mind's Paradise! the sick
mind's Leech !
With thine own tongue, thou trees and
stones canst teach, That when the
Air doth dance her finest measure,

Then art thou born! the gods' and
men's sweet pleasure!¹⁹